

Experiences with Animals

DRAWER 3

Personality

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Abraham Lincoln's Personality

Experiences with Animals

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Little
"Abe"
and his
striped pig:
His own story
of
its tragic
fate

The
meeting
of
Master
G. J. Greene
and
"A. Lincoln,
Attorney"

THE kindness which was characteristic of Lincoln's life until its close was not the laborious effort of a cold heart to seem warm, or of a selfish man to seem generous; it was not the result of years of rigid self-discipline; it was the spontaneous overflow of a stream from a perennial fountain of love.

I am convinced that the American people are more hungry and thirsty than ever before for anecdotes about this uncrowned emperor of the common people. They read everything about him with avidity, and renew, in each newly-discovered story or incident, their enthusiastic devotion to his memory. Much of this fugitive literature comes into print in the form of quaintly humorous stories, some of which are genuine, and others improperly attributed to the martyred president.

It has been my good fortune to find, not any new humorous stories, but a few illustrative of the marvelous kindness of heart of Mr. Lincoln, and I am indebted for them to Captain Gilbert J. Greene, a veteran of the Civil War. Let the old soldier tell, first, in his own words, how he met the greatest man of the nineteenth century:—

"I was tramping the state of Illinois, from south to north, when I came upon the farmhouse of Jacob Strauss, who owned forty thousand acres of land in the center of the state. Finding that I was going to pass through Springfield the next day, Mr. Strauss told me that he would keep me over night if I would carry some papers to a lawyer in the capital. He said the lawyer's name was 'Abe' Lincoln, 'a very smart man.' I started next morning at sunrise. The road to Springfield was straight, and the country so level that I could see the sun reflected from the state-house dome, thirty-five miles away. There was snow on the ground, and the weather was biting cold. I reached a little, unimportant office, at nightfall, and saw the legend, 'A. Lincoln, attorney,' on a plain strip of black tin on the door. I knocked, and a voice replied, 'Come in.' Entering, I found Lincoln sitting on an old-fashioned, splint-bottomed chair, before a great wood fire, with his feet against the mantel, higher than his head, and reading a copy of the Louisville 'Journal.' I handed him the papers. Taking them, he said: 'I didn't think the old codger would send a horse out, such a day as this.' Finding that I had no money, he took a five-dollar bill out of his pocket and gave it to me, saying he would charge it up to his client, as it was worth ten dollars to bring the papers in such weather. Then, taking

up the newspaper he had laid down, he wrote on the white margin, 'Mr. Wilson, take care of this boy until to-morrow, or longer, if the weather is bad, and send the bill to me. A. Lincoln.' Tearing this off and handing it to me, he pointed through the window to a hotel across the square, and told me to go there and remain until I was able to resume my journey. As I was leaving the hotel, the next morning, to continue my journey, a man brought a note from Mr. Lincoln, which read as follows:—

"MR. WALLACE, Peoria:

"Dear Sir:—This boy wants to reach the Rock River country, somewhere near Beloit. If he needs any assistance, and you can help him in any way, it will be appreciated, and I will be responsible.

"Yours, A. LINCOLN.

"When I arrived at my destination, I wrote a letter of thanks to the homely, kindly lawyer who had befriended me; and a personal correspondence was begun with him, which ended only with his death. He got a place for me in a printing office, at Springfield, where I, though only a boy, was permitted to enjoy his intimate companionship.

The Boy Lincoln's Love for a Pet Pig

"One beautiful, moonlit night, we were walking on a country road, and noticed, just ahead of us, six little pigs with their noses close together. Lincoln said: 'Those little things are lost; let's help them to find their mother.' We stirred them up, and, with grunt, sniff, and snort, they ran down the road. At length, they found a hole in the fence, and the mother in the field, just beyond. Lincoln said: 'I never see a pig that I do not think of my first pet. When a boy, six years old, I went over to a neighboring farm. A litter of striped piggies had just been born, and I was so interested that they could not get me away from them. The man filled me with supreme delight by saying: 'You may have one of those pigs, if you can get him home.' 'I will attend to that,' I said. I had on a tow shirt, reaching to my ankles,—one which my mother had woven,—and fastened at the neck by a wooden button my father had made. I made a fold in the garment, and in it, as a sack, I carried my pig home. I got an old bee-gum,—a hollow log,—put cornshucks, stalks, and leaves into it for a bed, and tucked him away for the night. He squealed for his mother

(over)

nearly all night. In the morning, I carried him feed meal and bran, bread, milk,—everything I could think of,—but he would not touch any of them. He did not seem to have time or energy for anything but to squeal.

“At length, my mother said to me: ‘Abe, take that pig back home; it will die, if you keep it here.’ What my mother said was always the truth and the law to me, and, though it almost broke my heart, I took the pig back. His mother was so glad to see him, and he so glad to see her! After she had given him his dinner, he looked so pretty that I could not stand it, and I begged the man to let me take him back. I put him in the tow sack, as I had done before, and took him to our house. Mother protested, and I cried; she broke down and relented, and said I might try him one day more. He would not eat a thing I brought him, and mother sent me back with him again. I carried him back and forth to his meals for two weeks, when we taught him to eat, and he was mine for good. That pig was my companion. I played with him, and taught him tricks; we used to play hide-and-go-seek; I can see his little face now, peeking around the corner of the house, to see whether I was coming after him. After a while, he got too heavy for me to carry around, and then he followed me everywhere,—to the barn, to the plowed ground, and to the woods. Many a day I spent in the woods, brushing the leaves away, helping him to find the acorns and nuts. Sometimes he would have a lazy spell and rub against my legs, and stop in front of me, and lie down before me, and say, in the language which I understood, ‘Abe, why don’t you carry me, as you used to do?’ When he grew larger, I turned the tables on him, and made him carry me; and he did it just as happily as I ever performed the same service for him. Father fed him corn,—piles of it,—and how he did eat! He grew large,—too large for his happiness and mine. There was talk around the house of the hog being about fat enough to kill. At the table, I heard father say he was going to kill the hog the next day. My heart got as heavy as lead. The next morning, father had the barrel of water ready, and was heating the stones that were to be thrown into it, to make hot water for the scalding. I slipped out, and took my pig with me to the forest. When father found out what had happened, he yelled as loud as he could, ‘You, Abe, fetch back that hog! You, Abe! you, Abe! fetch back that hog!’

The louder he called, the farther and faster we went, till we were out of hearing of the voice. We stayed in the woods till night. On returning, I was severely scolded. After a restless night, I rose early, and went to get my pig for another day’s hiding, but found that father had risen before me, and fastened my pet in the pen. I knew that all hope was gone. I did not eat any breakfast, but started for the woods. I had not gone far, when I heard the pig squeal; and, knowing what it meant, I ran as fast as I could, to get away from the sound. Being quite hungry at noon, I started for home. Reaching the edge of the clearing, I saw the hog, dressed, hanging from a pole, near the house, and I began to blubber. I could not stand it, and went far back into the woods again, where I found some nuts that satisfied my appetite till night, when I returned home. They could not get me to take any of the meat; neither tenderloin, nor rib, nor sausage, nor souse; and, even months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick to look at it.

“The next morning, I went into the yard, and saw the red place on the ground, where my pet’s throat had been cut with the knife. Taking a chip, I scraped the blood and the hair, that had been scattered, into a pile, and burned it up. Then I found some soft dirt, which I carried in the folds of my tow shirt, and strewed over the ground, to cover up every trace of the killing of my pet. The dirt did not do its work very well; for, to this day, whenever I see a pig like the little fellows we have just met in the road, my heart goes back to my pet pig, and to the old home and the dear ones there.”

Tears filled the captain’s eyes when Mr. Lincoln finished this simple, touching recital of his lost pet’s fate. “It gave me a clearer insight into the great heart of Lincoln,” he said, “than years of close association could have done.” The kindness of his heart was not merely veneer,—it was the grain of solid wood. He could not help being tender any more than the song birds about his cabin could keep from singing, or the sweetbrier his mother planted could avoid being fragrant. It was easy, even then, for me to see how the boy, so tender to his first pet, might grow to the stature of the man who became one of the noblest exponents of American manhood, and whose career will be quoted as a model as long as our nation endures.

Success Sept 1901

LINCOLN RISKED LIFE FOR A BIRD.

William Dayton, a sailor, risked his life in Philadelphia a few days ago to save a sparrow.

The bird had been caught by a tangled kite string in the top of a large sycamore tree where it fluttered helplessly, its cries attracting a crowd. Dayton threw off his coat and climbed the tree, reaching the top, 75 feet from the pavement. The small branches bent beneath his weight. Crawling cautiously he caught the string and released the bird.

The people cheered Dayton and the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has voted him a medal.

"Pooh! Much ado about nothing," says somebody.

So?

Perhaps somebody has never read how Abraham Lincoln saved the robins.

It was in the days when Lincoln as a young lawyer was riding the Springfield circuit. In those days judges and lawyers traveled together from town to town where court was held. On this day there had been wind and rain. By the side of the road along which the horsemen passed with many a jest was a mother robin in distress. The wind had blown her nest from a nook in the rail fence and scattered her birdlings. Lincoln dismounted, picked up the nest, gathered the little brood of nurslings and replaced them, nest and little birds, in the place from which they had been blown.

"What have you been doing, Abe?" inquired the other lawyers, as he caught up with them. Lincoln answered nothing. But there was a witness.

A little thing?

Hearts that are big have room for things both small and great. Besides, great souls understand that in life there are few things really small.

You remember what the Master said about the sparrows. He said the Father of Us All watched over them and not one of them fell unnoted. The Greatness and Goodness that directs the vast machinery of a universe does not forget a sparrow.

Why did the people cheer?

Because in this common sailor they saw something great—something of the humanity that was in a Lincoln, something of the divinity that was in a Christ.

Why Lincoln Helped a Bug.

President Lincoln was walking with a friend about Washington and turned back for some distance to assist a beetle that had got on its back and lay on the walk, legs sprawling in air vainly trying to turn itself over. The friend expressed surprise that the President, burdened with the cares of a warring nation, should find time to spare in assisting a bug.

"Well," said Lincoln, with that homely sincerity that touched the hearts of millions of his countrymen, "do you know that if I had left that bug struggling there on his back I wouldn't have felt just right? I wanted to put him on his feet and give him an equal chance with all the other bugs of his class."

Lincoln Gave Bug a Chance

1922

Back in the days of the Spanish-American war, the late "Billy" Mason, Senator from Illinois, told this Lincoln story:

"President Lincoln was walking with a friend about Washington and turned back for some distance to assist a beetle that had gotten on its back, and lay on the walk, legs sprawling in air, vainly trying to turn itself over. The friend expressed surprise that the President, burdened with the cares of a warring nation, should find time to spare in assisting a bug.

"Well," said Lincoln, with that homely sincerity that has touched the hearts of millions of his countrymen and placed him foremost in our affections as the greatest American, 'do you know if I had left that bug struggling there on his back, I wouldn't have felt just right. I wanted to put him on his feet, and give him an equal chance with all the other bugs of his class.'

"Cuba has been placed on her feet and given an equal chance with nations of her class; but the saying still abides with me, and many struggling bugs have been given their chance because of it. I want to pass it along; This homely, heartfelt suggestion of honest Abe, because it applies to helping not only nations and bugs, but men and women, boys and girls, upon their feet, and giving them an equal chance with all others of their class."

* * *

Lincoln and the Pig.

From the New York Witness.

One of the greatest things Abraham Lincoln ever did, was to pull a pig out of a hole. Driving over a very bad road on which the mud was so thick and heavy that the horse could only proceed very slowly, he passed a pig stuck in the mud in a hole. After going half a mile further Mr. Lincoln stopped his horse and said to his companion, "I don't know how you feel, but I must go back and pull that pig out." So he got out, trudged back through the mud, emancipated the pig, and then returned to the wagon and continued his journey. The man whose conscience would not allow him to leave even a pig to suffer was a man to whom God could intrust the duty of emancipating four million slaves. Be you as faithful in that which is least, and God will see that you have opportunities to do greater works as soon as you are ready for them.

8.2.5.9

Abe Lincoln's Pig

By CHARLES T. WHITE,
In the New York Tribune



ILBERT J. Greene, compositor on the New York Tribune shortly after Horace Greeley established it, then on "The Sangamon Journal" in Springfield, Ill., where he became well acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, raised a company in Parrytown and went out as a first lieutenant, attached to the 49th Regiment, and actively served in the Civil war. Lincoln made him Marshal of Winchester and later a dispatch carrier for Grant.

The following story about Lincoln's first pet was told many times by the captain to his friends and neighbors around Highland Mills, Orange county, where he died in 1906. It is known to few save his former associates and to Lincoln collectors.

One moonlight night, late in the fifties, Lincoln asked young Greene to take a walk with him. Everything was quiet along the country road. Suddenly the two strollers came up to six little pigs with their noses close together.

"Those pigs are lost," said Lincoln, after briefly surveying them; "let's help them to find their mother."

With little pig grunts and snorts the six were soon scampering down the road. At length they found a hole in the fence and their mother in the field a rod away. Lincoln smiled with satisfaction as he saw the pig family reunited and remarked:

"I never see a little pig that I do not think of my first pet. When a boy, six years old, while we lived near Hodgenville, Ky., I went over to a neighboring farm. A litter of striped piggies had just been born and I was so taken with them that they could not get me away from them. The owner filled me with supreme joy by saying, 'You may have one of those pigs if you'll get him home.' I instantly accepted the offer. I had on a tow shirt, one which my mother had woven, reaching below my knees and fastened at the neck by a wooden button my father had made. Using the front of it as an apron, or sack, I rolled my pig up in it and carried him home. I got an old bee-gum—a hollow log—put corn husks and leaves into it for a bed, and tucked him away for the night. He squealed for his mother nearly all night. In the morning I carried him meal and bran and bread and milk—everything I could think of, but he would not touch any of them. About all he could do was to squeal. At length my mother said to me:

"Abe, take that pig back home; it will die if you keep it here."

"What my mother said was always the truth and the law to me, and, though it almost broke my heart, I took the pig back. His mother was so glad to see him and he to see her! After she had given him his dinner, he looked so pretty I could not stand it, and I begged the man to let me take him back. I put him in my tow shirt, as I had before, and took him to our house. My mother protested and I cried; she broke down and relented and said I might try him one day more. He would not eat a thing I brought him and mother sent me back with him again. I carried him back and forth to his meals for two weeks, until we taught him to eat, and he was mine for good.

"That pig," continued Lincoln, his eyes brightening with the recollection, "was my companion. I played with him and taught him tricks. We used to play hide and seek. I can see his little face now pecking around the corner of the house, to see whether I was coming after him.

"After awhile he got too heavy for me to carry him around, and then he followed me everywhere—to the barn, to the ploughed ground and to the woods. Many a day I spent in the woods with him, brushing the leaves away, picking out the most promising spots, helping him to find acorns and nuts. Sometimes he would have a lazy spell. Then he would rub against my legs and stop in front of me and lie down in a sort of wheedling way and say, in the language which I understood: 'Little Abe, why don't you carry me, the same as you used to?'

"When he grew larger," continued Lincoln, with a hearty laugh, "I turned the tables on him and made him carry me; and he did it just as happily and cheerfully as I ever performed the same service for him. Father fed him corn—piles of it—and how he did eat! He grew large—too large for his own good and mine. There was talk around the house of the hog being about fat enough to kill. At the dinner table one day I heard my father say that he was going to kill the hog the next day. My heart was as heavy as lead.

"The next morning was the beginning of a tragedy to me. There were ominous signs. There was a heavy pole resting on crotched posts near the barn. Father had a barrel of water ready, and was heating the stones that were to be thrown into it to make hot water for the scalding. I was suddenly seized with a determination to save my playmate. I slipped out and took him with me into the woods. When father found what had happened, he yelled as loud as he could:

"You, Abe, fetch back that hog! You, Abe, fetch back that hog!"

"The louder father called, the further and faster we went, till we were out of hearing of his voice. We stayed in the woods till night. On returning I was severely scolded. Father and mother explained to me that we could not keep the hog through the winter for me to play with—that hogs were meant to be killed for food. But I was not convinced. After a restless night, I rose early and slipped out of the house quietly to get my pig and take him for another day's hiding. But my father had forestalled me by rising still earlier, and he had fastened my pet in the pen.

"I knew then," continued Lincoln, "there was no hope for my pig. I did not eat any breakfast, but started for the woods, where I lingered until I heard my pig squeal, and then I ran faster than ever to get away from the sound.

"Being quite hungry at midday, I started for home. Reaching the edge of the clearing, I saw the hog, dressed, hanging from the pole near the barn. I began to blubber. I just couldn't reconcile myself to my loss. I could not stand it and went back into the woods again, where I found some nuts that satisfied my hunger till night, when I returned home.

"They could not get me to take any of the meat; neither tenderloin, nor sausage nor souse; and even months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick to look at it.

"The next morning," continued Lin-

coln, "I went into the yard and saw some of the remnants of the butchering. Taking a big chip, I scraped the scattered blood and hair into a pile and burned it up. Then I found some soft dirt, which I carried in the fold of my tow shirt, as I had carried my pig, and strewed it over the ground, to cover up every trace of what was to me an awful tragedy. The new dirt did not do its work very well," said the speaker, smiling somewhat sadly, "for to this day whenever I see a pig like the little fellows we just met in the road, it all comes back to me—my pet pig, our rambles in the woods, the scenes of my boyhood, the old home and the dear ones there."



Lincoln's First Pet

An Experience of Lincoln When He Was Six Years Old

Told by Lincoln himself to Captain Gilbert J. Greene

Recorded by Charles T. White

m. claus Feb. 1923

ABRAM LINCOLN asked Gilbert J. Greene to take a walk with him into the country. It was in the late "fifties," when Greene was a journeyman printer in Springfield, Illinois, and when the fame of Lincoln throughout the State was steadily rising. Greene was only too eager to accept the invitation. He already recognized the greatness of the character of Lincoln. A walk and talk with Lincoln meant a widening of the mental horizon. It was a moonlight night. Everything was quiet along the country road. Suddenly the strollers came upon six little pigs with their noses close together.

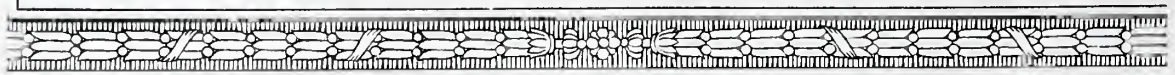
"Those little pigs are lost," said Lincoln, after briefly surveying them; "let's help them to find their mother."

With little-pig grunts and snorts, the six were soon scampering down the road. At length they found a hole in the fence, and their mother in the field a rod away. Lincoln smiled with satisfaction as he saw the pig family reunited, and remarked: "I never see a pig that I do not think of my first pet. When a boy six years old, while we lived near Hodgenville, Kentucky, I went over to a neighboring farm. A litter of striped piggies had just been born, and I was so taken with them that they could not get me away from them. The owner filled me with supreme joy by saying: 'You may have one of those pigs if you can get him home.' I instantly accepted the offer.

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"He squealed for his mother nearly all night. In the morning I carried him meal and bran, and bread and milk — everything I could think of; but he would not touch any of them. About all he could do was to squeal. At length my mother said to me: 'Abe, take that pig back home; it will die if you keep it here.'

"What my mother said was always the truth and the law to me, and, though it almost broke my heart, I took the pig back. His mother was so glad to see him, and he to see her! After she had given him his dinner, he





rose early and slipped out of the house quietly, to get my pig and take him away for another day's hiding. But my father had forestalled me by rising still earlier, and he had fastened my pet in the pen.

"I knew then," continued Lincoln, as the two men halted momentarily, "there was no hope for my pig. I did not eat any breakfast, but started for the woods. I had not got far into the woods before I heard the pig squeal, and I ran faster than ever to get away from the sound.

"**B**EING quite hungry at midday, I started for home. Reaching the edge of the clearing, I saw the hog dressed, hanging from the pole near the barn. I began to blubber. I just couldn't reconcile myself to my loss. I could not stand it, and went far back into the woods again, where I found some nuts that satisfied my hunger till night, when I returned home.

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IN commenting on this walk and talk with Lincoln, Captain Greene said:

"It gave me a clearer insight into the great heart of Lincoln than years of close association could have done. He had a wonderful kindness of heart. He could not help being tender any more than the song-birds about his cabin could keep from singing. It was easy, even then, for me to see how the boy, so tender to his first pet, might grow to be perhaps the very greatest and noblest American gentleman."



Lincoln's Kindness to Animals

THE boy and the man who started lower and climbed higher than any other in all the history of America, was always kind to animals. The boy, "Abe," who was ambitious,

strong-willed, a bold fighter and a tough adversary—a fellow who would "never say die," was at the same time the champion of the weak, the friend of the friendless, and as true a knight and as full of chivalry as any hero in armor we read of in "The Idylls of the King" or in "Ivanhoe."

Abraham Lincoln was never cruel, mean, or unkind. His first composition was on cruelty to animals, written because he had tried to make the other boys stop "teasin' tarrypins"—that is, catching turtles and putting hot coals on their backs just to make them move along lively.

When Lincoln was but eight years old a nearby farmer presented the boy with his first pet, a suckling pig. Abe ran all the two miles home, delighted with the gift. But he had not much more than gotten the pig settled in its new quarters when it began to squeal with hunger. The lad tried to feed it, but the pig would not drink the milk offered. Finally he carried the pig back to its mother. Then came the brilliant idea of keeping the pig himself, but letting it board at the farm until it grew bigger. So, for several weeks back and forth he trudged with his pet, carrying it two miles each way to meals.

Although the boy Lincoln lived in Kentucky in pioneer days, yet he cared nothing for shooting. In the thick shadows of the woods about his cabin were bears, panthers, wolves, deer, turkeys, and all kinds of game, and a person never thought of venturing out without his gun, axe, or hunting knife, yet in all his life, Lincoln tells us, he never shot anything more than a wild turkey when he and his sister and mother were very much in need of food.

AS HE grew older the boy Lincoln still had the same kindly, helpful, and beautiful spirit he had always manifested toward the dumb creatures of the forests. He would often go out of the way to help an animal in distress; he would even assist an enemy in trouble, for he always felt sorry for any person or animal that was uncomfortable and unhappy. One time, when his father was moving from one State to another, and a dog was

going with them, the animal grew suddenly timid and did not cross the stream with the rest of the party, but lagged behind, whimpering. Lincoln drove on for some distance, hoping the animal would have courage to follow, but when it was evident the dog was too timid, he turned back and went a considerable distance out of his way to lead the animal across the stream, for he declared he could not rest if he should leave the dog there alone, forsaken and cold.

It was this sympathy with whatever was in trouble, distress or bondage—an outgrowth, probably of his own hard and sad boyhood—that, as he grew into manhood, led him to put himself on the side of the weak and unfortunate.

Few corn shuckings, log rollings, house raisings, or country weddings were held without Abe Lincoln. His neighbors respected him for his strength of character as well as for his strength of body. If a wagon stalled in a crooked muddy lane, he was among the first to go to the aid of the driver and the poor horse. If a widow were in need of firewood he would cut it for her. He watched with the sick, and any chance for kindness, from splitting a log to rocking a cradle, found his hand always ready to serve.

LINCOLN'S kindness toward animals was simply one phase of his sympathy for those who were in real distress. Scarcely a step above animals in those days stood the Negro slaves, and Lincoln's sympathy toward these downtrodden people grew stronger as he grew older, and saw more of men and life. When he was a traveling lawyer "on the circuit" in Illinois, it was not a popular thing to befriend the runaway slaves, but Lincoln could always be depended upon to take their side when other lawyers refused to do so for fear of being unpopular.

Not over 7 years old at the time

Not many Bears and panthers in Kentucky at that time

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AS HE grew older the boy Lincoln still had the same kindly, helpful, and beautiful spirit he had always manifested toward the dumb creatures of the forests. He would often go out of the way to help an animal in distress; he would even assist an enemy in trouble, for he always felt sorry for any person or animal that was uncomfortable and unhappy. One time, when his father was moving from one State to another, and a dog was going with them, the animal grew suddenly timid and did not cross the stream with the rest of the party, but lagged behind, whimpering. Lincoln drove on for some distance, hoping the animal would have courage to follow, but when it was evident the dog was too timid, he turned back and went a considerable distance out of his way to lead the animal across the stream, for he declared he could not rest if he should leave the dog there alone, forsaken and cold.

It was this sympathy with whatever was in trouble, distress or bondage—an outgrowth, probably of his own hard and sad boyhood—that, as he grew into manhood, led him to put himself on the side of the weak and unfortunate.

Few corn shuckings, log rollings, house raisings, or country weddings were held without Abe Lincoln. His neighbors respected him for his strength of character as well as for his strength of body. If a wagon stalled in a crooked muddy lane, he was among the first to go to the aid of the driver and the poor horse. If a widow were in need of firewood he would cut it for her. He watched with the sick, and any chance for kindness, from splitting a log to rocking a cradle, found his hand always ready to serve.

LINCOLN'S kindness toward animals was simply one phase of his sympathy for those who were in real distress. Scarcely a step above animals in those days stood the Negro slaves, and Lincoln's sympathy toward these downtrodden people grew stronger as he grew older, and saw more of men and life. When he was a traveling lawyer "on the circuit" in Illinois, it was not a popular thing to befriend the runaway slaves, but Lincoln could always be depended upon to take their side when other lawyers refused to do so for fear of being unpopular.

Kenesaw M. Landis II:

White House Goats In Lincoln's Regime

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had one advantage over President Roosevelt. He had only one son old enough to be in long pants.

None of his sons got married and showed up with strange women at the White House, which was lucky for the President, because Mrs. Lincoln had a notoriously jealous disposition.

After little Willie died in 1862, it was feared that Mrs. Lincoln would lose her mind, and that is why the President allowed her to keep Robert, the oldest boy, out of military service.

"We have lost one son," she was overheard to say to him hysterically, "and his loss is as much as I can bear."

The President pleaded, "But many a poor mother, Mary, has had to make this sacrifice and has given up every son she had and lost them all."

It was no use. Robert, nicknamed "The Prince of Rails" by the press, was forced to spend the war at Harvard College, in spite of his own desire to volunteer.



*** Took His Military Duties Seriously.

"WHY is it," asked the *Philadelphia Age*, "that Mr. Lincoln's sons should be kept from the dangers of the field, while the sons of laboring men are to be hurried into the harvest of death at the front?"

But Tad, the remaining son, was only 9 years old, and not many people complained when the Secretary of War gave him a colonel's commission which he probably hadn't earned.

There is evidence that Tad took his military duties seriously. After he got his uniform, complete with belt and sword, he made requisitions on the commissary, signing himself "Col. Tad Lincoln."

One night he discharged the regular White House guard and mustered into service all the gardeners and servants, after drilling them and issuing muskets.

*** Sometimes Abed with Two Goats.

BUT in addition to his military duties, Tad had a great interest in animals. He wasn't breeding any bull mastiffs, but he kept two goats at the White House and sometimes went to bed with them.

The colonel's interest in goats caused great excitement one day when his mother was entertaining some Boston ladies in the dignified East Room of the White House.

There was a sudden racket, a shout, "Look out there!" and Tad came through flourishing a long whip and driving his goats, hitched tandem to a kitchen chair.

There were no airplanes in those days, but the telegraph was new. When Tad was out of town on shopping leave with his mother, the goats had priority on the crowded wires.

In response to one inquiry from the colonel, the President wired, "Tell Tad that the goats and father are very well, especially the goats."

Fortunately for the harassed President, Tad wasn't old enough to make him the goat.

The Readers' Column

ABE LINCOLN'S GOAT

Editor, Times-Leader Evening News:

There was once a little girl who was going on her first trip alone on the railroad. The little girl had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day came, but as train time approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for her trunk. As the minutes went by and she realized that she would miss the train, she became panicky with grief. She was standing by the gate with her hat and gloves on, sobbing as if her heart would break, when a tall, rather homely man came by.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, and she poured out her story. "How big's the trunk? There's still time if it isn't too big," and he pushed through the gate. The girl's mother took him up to the room, where the little old-fashioned trunk stood locked and tied.

"Oh, ho," he cried, "wipe your eyes and come on quick."

And before she knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him, the little girl trotting behind, drying her tears as she went. They reached the station in time, and he put her on the train, kissed her goodbye, and told her to have a good time.

The man who went to all that trouble to make a little girl happy was the great President whose birthday we celebrate today—Abraham Lincoln.

Carl Sandburg tells another story—about the morning Lincoln, on his way to his law office, met a goat on the street. Boys had been deviling the goat to make for people and butt them off their feet, and this morning Lincoln, with his hands folded behind him, and his chin sunk in his bosom, came along the street. And the goat made for him. Well, Lincoln could be pretty quick when he wanted to be. And he stooped over and his two hands got hold of the two horns of the goat. Then Lincoln dropped down, put his face close to the goat's face and slowly drawled:

"Now—there isn't any good reason why you should want to harm me; and there isn't any good reason why I should want to harm you. The world is big enough for both of us to live in. If you behave yourself as you ought to, and if I behave myself like I ought to, we'll get along without a cross word or action and we'll live in peace and harmony like good neighbors."

Then Lincoln lifted the two horns, dropped the goat over a high fence, and walked up the street.

This funny little episode which took place in the streets of a small town in Illinois seems to me as full of meaning as any of Lincoln's more widely quoted speeches. He addressed those profound words not just to the goat who had been driven to nastiness and aggression by bullies, but to the people who witnessed the incident. He was telling them that the world is big enough not only for many different animals, including goats and men, but also for many different men to live in.

Today we still have bullies in our midst, power-seeking bullies who want to turn good neighbors into bad by making them buck each

other; who try to devil one group into attacking another; who play on all our human differences and harp on them incessantly, hoping we'll forget the greater human needs and hopes and purposes we have in common.

It is no accident that, in egging people on to abuse their next-door neighbors, the tyrants who would rule the world invariably use the very differences that human beings were born with—differences in race, religion or nationality—to set one group of men against another. For teamwork and cooperation among men of all races, faiths and cultural backgrounds is the very backbone of democracy. In a nation such as ours disunity among different groups—whites and Negroes, native-born and foreign-born, Protestants, Catholics and Jews—would undermine our inner strength and leave us easy prey for those who lust to rule the world.

The soldier on the battlefield doesn't pause to ask his comrade what his religion is or his ancestry. In the heat of battle, he needs only to know that the man beside him is a brave man, who is fighting the same enemy.

It would be less than honest to assume that we at home have measured up to this spirit of the battlefield. We would be blind to the facts if we refused to admit that in America today racial and religious prejudices do exist. But it would be even worse than blind—it would be suicidal—if we relaxed our efforts to stamp them out.

The end of the war will not mean that the enemy is forever defeated. The hate mongers will take cover for a while, waiting for their chance to try again. Next time they won't call it fascism, because fascism is a word that is in great disrepute. Their activities will come cloaked in high-sounding patriotic names, but their purpose will remain the same. And if they succeed in their purpose, the cleavages in our country can become very deep. I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that the cleavages could become so deep that a civil war might result which would make the Civil War of Lincoln's time look mild.

Lincoln said it well for us when he said:

"The real issue is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time . . . The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says: 'you work and toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

And so, the important point to remember, my friends, is that no matter at what group venom is directed, we all of us eventually suffer when intolerance begins to spread. For who is to say where prejudice will stop?

Pacts, treaties and organizations are vital to the enduring structure of world peace. But it is equally important for each of us to take his share of responsibility in the world. In its simplest terms this means that each of us must try to be a little kinder and a little more thoughtful of our neighbors. It means teaching our children that other people have the same right to live in the world as they have. It means, in other words, that the basis for a better world lies within ourselves, for in the last analysis, you can't have a decent world where people can live in peace and security unless the individuals in that world are decent. And that means decency on the level of every day neighborhood life.

We usually think of Lincoln as The Great Emancipator, but I also like to think of Lincoln, The Great Human Being—of the thousand and one ways in which his belief in people was expressed in the smallest, most ordinary acts—his kindness, his generosity, his tolerance, his sympathy for human weakness, his tears for those who suffered. It was these characteristics, perhaps even more than his great ability as a leader, which made him a giant among men, and from which we can learn so much to help us today.

The word, "democracy," has been used so often and so loosely of late, that sometimes we lose sight of its real meaning. Perhaps Lincoln's definition expresses it best for us:

"As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy."

And so, in the days to come, when our job will be to strengthen the structure of our own democracy and to help build the structure of a democratic world, let's not forget for a moment that those who try to turn us against our neighbors are advancing the aims of our enemies—to be sole masters of the earth and to make slaves of all the rest of us. Abraham Lincoln fought the good fight for freedom; let's fight for it as he did, by believing in human beings.

WEST SIDE READER

Lincoln's First Boyhood Pet—A Pig.

Charles T. White, in New York Tribune.

GILBERT J. GREENE, compositor on the New York Tribune shortly after Horace Greeley established it, then on the Sangamon Journal in Springfield, Ill., where he became well acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, raised a company in Tarrytown and went out as a first lieutenant, attached to the 49th regiment and actively served in the Civil war. Lincoln made him marshal of Winchester and later a dispatch carrier for Grant.

The following story about Lincoln's first pet was told many times by the captain to his friends and neighbors around Highland Mills, Orange county, where he died in 1906. It is known to few save his former associates and to Lincoln collectors.

One moonlight night, late in the fifties, Lincoln asked young Greene to take a walk with him. Everything was quiet along the country road. Suddenly the two strollers came up to six little pigs with their noses close together.

"Those pigs are lost," said Lincoln, after briefly surveying them; "let's help them to find their mother."

With little pig grunts and snorts the six were soon scampering down the road. At length they found a hole in the fence and their mother in the field a rod away. Lincoln smiled with satisfaction as he saw the pig family reunited and remarked:

"I never see a little pig that I do not think of my first pet. When a boy, 6 years old, while we lived near Hodgenville, Ky., I went over to a neighboring farm. A litter of striped piggies had just been born and I was so taken with them that they could not get me away from them. The owner filled me with supreme joy by saying, 'You may have one of those pigs if you'll get him home.' I instantly accepted the offer. I had on a tow shirt, one which my mother had woven, reaching below my knees and fastened at the neck by a wooden button my father had made. Using the front of it as an apron, or sack, I rolled my pig up in it and carried him home. I got an old bee gum—a hollow log—put corn husks and leaves into it for a bed and tucked him away for the night. In the morning I carried him meal and bran and bread and milk—everything I could think of, but he would not touch any of them. About all he could do was to squeal. At length my mother said to me:

"'Abe, take that pig back home; it will die if you keep it here.'"

"What my mother said was always the truth and the law to me, and, though it almost broke my heart, I took the pig back. His mother was so glad to see him and he to see her! After she had given him his dinner he looked so pretty I could not stand it, and I begged the man to let me take him back. I put him in my tow shirt, as I had before, and took him to our house. My mother protested and I cried; she broke down and relented and said I might try him one day more. He would not eat a thing I brought him and mother sent me back with him again. I carried him back and forth to his meals for two weeks, until we taught him to eat, and he was mine for good."

"That pig," continued Lincoln, his eyes brightening with the recollection, "was my companion. I played with him and taught him tricks. We used to play hide and seek. I can see his little face now peering around the corner of the house to see whether I was coming after him."

"After awhile he got too heavy for me to carry him around and then he followed me everywhere—to the barn,

to the plowed ground and to the woods. Many a day I spent in the woods with him, brushing the leaves away, picking out the most promising spots, helping him to find acorns and nuts. Sometimes he would have a lazy spell. Then he would rub against my legs and stop in front of me and lie down in a sort of wheedling way and say, in the language which I understood: 'Little Abe, why don't you carry me, the same as you used to?'

"When he grew larger," continued Lincoln, with a hearty laugh, "I turned the tables on him and made him carry me; and he did it just as happily and cheerfully as I ever performed the same service for him. Father fed him corn—piles of it—and how he did eat! He grew large—too large for his own good and mine. There was talk around the house of the hog being about fat enough to kill. At the dinner table one day I heard my father say that he was going to kill the hog the next day. My heart was as heavy as lead."

"The next morning was the beginning of a tragedy to me. There were ominous signs. There was a heavy pole resting on crotched posts near the barn. Father had a barrel of water ready and was heating the stones that were to be thrown into it to make hot water for the scalding. I was suddenly seized with a determination to save my playmate. I slipped out and took him with me into the woods. When father found what had happened he yelled as loud as he could:

"'You, Abe, fetch back that hog! You, Abe, fetch back that hog!'

"The louder father called, the further and faster we went, till we were out of hearing of his voice. We stayed in the woods till night. On returning I was severely scolded. Father and mother explained to me that we could not keep

the hog through the winter for me to play with—that hogs were meant to be killed for food. But I was not convinced. After a restless night I rose early and slipped out of the house quietly to get my pig and take him away for another day's hiding. But my father had forestalled me by rising still earlier and he had fastened my pet in the pen."

"I knew then," continued Lincoln, as he and Greene halted momentarily. "there was no hope for my pig. I did not eat any breakfast, but started for the woods, where I lingered until I heard my pig squeal, and then I ran faster than ever to get away from the sound."

"Being quite hungry at midday, I started for home. Reaching the edge of the clearing, I saw the hog, dressed, hanging from the pole near the barn. I began to blubber. I just couldn't reconcile myself to my loss. I could not stand it and went back into the woods again, where I found some nuts that satisfied my hunger till night, when I returned home."

"They could not get me to take any of the meat; neither tenderloin nor sausage nor souse; and even months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick to look at it."

"The next morning," continued Lincoln, "I went into the yard and saw some of the reminders of the butchering. Taking a big chip, I scraped the scattered blood and hair into a pile and burned it up. Then I found some soft dirt, which I carried in the fold of my tow shirt, as I had carried my pig, and strewed it over the ground, to cover up every trace of what was to me an awful tragedy. The new dirt did not do its work very well," said the speaker, smiling somewhat sadly, "for to this day whenever I see a pig like the little fellows we just met in the road, it all comes back to me—my pet pig, our rambles in the woods, the scenes of my boyhood, the old home and the dear ones there."

Pigs, ice cream, and socks

Snapshots of the Great Emancipator's life, set to verse

Several years ago, Dan Guillory began a series of poems about Abraham Lincoln's life. The poems, chronicling the events and people in the life of the 16th president, are written from Lincoln's perspective. To mark Lincoln's birthday, we're publishing a selection — the third year we've done so. — Editor

BY DAN GUILLORY

Ice Cream at the Smiths

Mary Todd Lincoln's younger sister Ann Marie married Clark M. Smith, a successful Springfield businessman, who owned the C.M. and S. Smith Store on the old Capitol Square. The Smiths moved into the house at 603 S. Fifth St. that was later purchased by Dr. Vachel Thomas Lindsay, the father of poet Vachel Lindsay. Interestingly enough, the Smith-house was built by the same Rev. Charles Dresser who had sold the Lincolns their home at Eighth and Jackson. On Sunday afternoons in the late 1850s, the Lincolns would often walk a few blocks to visit their relatives and socialize while making ice cream. The recipe for strawberry ice cream used here is drawn from Miss Leslie's *Directions for Cookery* (1843), the most popular cookbook of its day (Mary Todd Lincoln owned one). Sugar at this time was not refined as today's white granulated sugar is. It was sold in blocks or "loaves." Rock salt, snow, or natural ice was packed into the ice-cream churn around a covered vessel called the freezer. Although the future president did not exhibit much of an appetite for most dishes, Dr. Wayne C. Temple, in *The Taste Is in My Mouth a Little* (2004), argues that Lincoln had a pronounced sweet tooth. These ice-cream socials may have represented some of Lincoln's last peaceful moments before the tumultuous years of the presidency.

*Clark, the good merchant, purveys firewood, brown and white
Eggs, oiled leather boots, slouch hats, rock salt and loaves
Of sugar. Mary offers a bowl of pulpy red strawberries
And Clark supplies two pounds of loaf-sugar and half
A gallon of cream so thick it whitewashes the insides
Of his bucket. I odd rock salt and chunks of pond-ice.
We talk, filling the churn, grinding-grinding, religion
Weather and politics, grinding-grinding, until the silence
Is purified into ice and sweetness, the cupped coldness
Savored on the tongue, that too-sharp moment, quickly
Melting into impossibility, like the surrounding heat
Rising in vapors over the rain-darkened garden.*

Pigs in Taylorville

During the time he served on the Eighth Judicial Circuit Court, under the watchful eye of his good friend Judge David Davis (whom he later appointed to the Supreme Court), Lincoln considered Taylorville his last stop on the circuit before returning home to Springfield. Local tradition has it that, on one occasion, the orderly business of the court was interrupted by a noisy group of porkers under the floor. In a humorous moment, lawyer Lincoln asked Judge Davis for a writ of *quietus* against the vociferous hogs and proceeded to coax them away. On May 28, 2005, sculptor John McClarey unveiled his bronze stat-

ue "The Last Stop" on the Christian County Courthouse lawn, commemorating this event. It is worth speculating whether Lincoln saw the symbolic and metaphorical implications of the pigs, especially after he settled in Washington as the 16th president.

*Such whining, wheezing, snorting, and grunting —
A guttural affront to the dignity and gravitas
Of the court and all legislative proceedings. My
Learned brothers, whether Democrat, Republican,
Or Whig, I say to you, Learn well the lesson
Of big-bellied swine who inhabit the lowest reaches
Of the legal establishment, who wallow tenderly in pools
Of mud, supping on the very scum of the earth, sticking
Their snouts into every unspeakable place — by dint
Of their cocophonous wailings, they shatter the concord
And peacefulness that empower all rational discourse.
Then, utterly exhausted by their efforts, they roll over
On a bed of their own waste, snoring into oblivion.*

Socks in Danville, September 21, 1858

In 1855, Dr. William Fithian built a house in Danville, Ill., that later became his office. Like Lincoln, Fithian was an Illinois legislator in Springfield, and he knew Lincoln quite well. During the Civil War, Fithian served as a U.S. Army surgeon. In the late summer of 1858, during the hectic season of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, an overworked Lincoln visited Danville and attempted to give a speech from Fithian's front porch, but he had earlier suffered from severely swollen feet and could not pull his boots back on, causing him acute embarrassment and momentary panic. Fithian saved the day by positioning Lincoln on his second-floor balcony in such a way that his socks would not be visible to the crowd below. Although we do not possess the text of that speech, it is probable that Lincoln spoke about the great issue of slavery and its various political and legal manifestations, such as the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska Act (1854), the controversial Dred Scott case (1857), and "popular sovereignty" (or states' rights) as promulgated by Stephen Douglas, Lincoln's arch-enemy. Danville was the last site in Illinois where Lincoln spoke on his way to Washington, D.C., Feb. 11, 1861.

*Feet and ankles swollen like a sycamore tree!
Hot blisters rising up like knots and buds.
Enough talk of Compromise and Constitution!
In this Inferno, no more boundary lines
And demarcations, no more Free and Slave States!
For even a man with swollen ankles and no boots
On his feet knows Evil when he sees it
And can stand up for what is right
Even in his stocking feet, high on a balcony
In Old Oonville, Vermilion County, Illinois. ■*

Dan Guillory, who lives in rural Findlay, Ill., will be presenting a free talk on the humorous aspects of early Illinois literature at New Salem State Park, Sunday, Feb. 26, 2 p.m. His fifth book, *Wartime Decatur: 1832-1945*, will be released by Arcadia Publishing on March 20.

Lincoln's Kindness

It is said of Mr. Lincoln that one day as he rode along on his horse he saw a pig struggling to keep herself from sinking into a deep place filled with mud. The poor animal was squealing in terror, because the mud was sucking her in.

Lincoln rode by without stopping, but his kind heart could not forget the pig. He turned back, got down from his horse and drew the pig out of the mud.

Lincoln's First Pet

(This story from his boyhood, told by Lincoln himself to Captain Gilbert J. Greene, is recorded by Charles T. White in "McClure's Magazine.")

Abraham Lincoln asked Gilbert J. Greene to take a walk with him into the country. It was in the late '50s, when Greene was a journeyman printer in Springfield, Ill., and when the fame of Lincoln throughout the state was steadily rising. Greene was only too eager to accept the invitation. He already recognized the greatness of the character of Lincoln. A walk and talk with Lincoln meant a widening of the mental horizon. It was a moonlight night. Everything was quiet along the country road. Suddenly the strollers came upon six little pigs with their noses close together.

"Those little pigs are lost," said Lincoln, after briefly surveying them; "let's help them to find their mother."

With little pig grunts and snorts, the six were soon scampering down the road. At length they found a hole in the fence and their mother in the field a rod away. Lincoln smiled with satisfaction as he saw the pig family reunited, and remarked: "I never see a pig that I do not think of my first pet. When a boy six years old, while we lived near Hodgenville, Ky., I went over to a neighboring farm. A litter of striped piggies had just been born, and I was so taken with them that they could not get me away from them. The owner filled me with supreme joy by saying: 'You may have one of those pigs if you can get him home.' I instantly accepted the offer."

I had on a tow shirt—one which my mother had woven—reaching below my knees, and fastened at the neck by a wooden button my father had made. Using the front of it as an apron or sack, I rolled my pig up in it and carried him home, got an old bee gum—a hollow log—put corn husks and

leaves into it for a bed, and tucked him away for the night.

"He squealed for his mother nearly all night. In the morning I carried him meal and bran, and bread and milk—everything I could think of; but he would not touch any of them. About all he could do was to squeal. At length my mother said to me: 'Abo, take that pig back home; it will die if you keep it here.'

"What my mother said was always the truth and the law to me, and, though it almost broke my heart, I took the pig back. His mother was so glad to see him, and he to see her! After she had given him his dinner he looked so pretty I could not stand it, and I begged the man to let me take him back. I put him in my tow shirt, as I had before, and took him to our house. Mother protested, and I cried. She broke down and relented, and said I might try him one day more. He would not eat a thing I brought him, and mother sent me back with him again. I carried him back and forth to his meals for two weeks, until we taught him to eat, and he was mine for good.

"That pig," continued Lincoln, his eyes brightening with the recollection, "was my companion. I played with him and taught him tricks. We used to play hide and seek. I can see his little face now, peeking around the corner of the house to see whether I was coming after him!

"After a while he got too heavy for me to carry around and then he followed me everywhere—to the barn, to the plowed ground, and to the woods. Many a day I spent in the woods brushing the leaves away, picking out the most promising spots, helping him to find acorns and nuts. Sometimes he would have a lazy spell. Then he would rub against my legs, and stop in front of me, and lie down in a sort of wheedling way and say, in the

language which I understood: 'Abe, why don't you carry me, the same as you used to do?'

"When he grew larger I turned the tables on him and made him carry me; and he did it just as bappily and cheerfully as I ever performed the same service for him. Father fed him corn—piles of it—and how he did eat! He grew large—too large for his own good and mine. There was talk around the house of the hog being about fat enough to kill. At the table one day I heard my father say he was going to kill the hog the next day. My heart was as heavy as lead.

"The next morning was the beginning of a tragedy to me. There were ominous signs everywhere. There was a heavy pole resting on crotched posts near the barn. Father had a barrel of water ready, and was heating stones that were to be thrown into it to make hot water for the scalding. I was suddenly seized with a determination to save my playmate. I slipped out and took him with me into the woods. When father found what had happened, he yelled as loud as he could:

"'You Abe, fetch back that hog! You Abe, fetch back that hog!'

"The louder father called the further and faster we went, till we were out of hearing of the voice. We stayed in the woods till night. On returning I was severely scolded. Father and mother explained to me that we could not keep the hog through the long winter for me to play with—that hogs were meant to be killed for food. I was not convinced. After a restless night I rose early and slipped out of the house quietly, to get my pig and take him away for another day's hiding. But my father had forestalled me by rising still earlier, and he had fastened my pet in the pen.

"I knew then," continued Lincoln, as the two men halted momentarily, "there was no hope for my pig. I did not eat any breakfast, but started for the woods. I had not gone far into the woods before I heard the pig squeal, and I ran faster than ever to get away from the sound."

"Being quite hungry at midday, I started for home. Reaching the edge of the clearing, I saw the hog dressed, hanging from the pole near the barn. I began to blubber. I just couldn't reconcile myself to my loss. I could not stand it, and went far back into the woods again, where I found some nuts that satisfied my hunger till night, when I returned home.

"They could not get me to take any of the meat—neither tenderloin, nor sausage, nor souse. And even months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick to look at it.

"The next morning," continued Lincoln, "I went into the yard and saw some of the reminders of the butchering. Taking a big chip, I scraped the scattered blood and hair into a pile

and burned it up. Then I found some soft dirt, which I carried in the fold of my tow shirt, and strewed it over the ground, to cover up every trace of what was to me an awful tragedy. The new dirt did not do its work very well," said the speaker, smiling somewhat sadly, "for to this day, whenever I see a pig like the little fellows we just met in the road, it all comes back to me—my pet pig, our rambles in the woods, the scenes of my boyhood, the old home and the dear ones there."

THE BOY LINCOLN'S LOVE FOR A PET PIG.

"One beautiful moonlight night we were walking on a country road and noticed, just ahead of us, six little pigs with their noses close together. Lincoln said: 'Those little things are lost; let's help them to find their mother.' We stirred them up and, with grunt, sniff and snort, they ran down the road. At length they found a hole in the fence and the mother in the field, just beyond. Lincoln said: 'I never see a pig that I do not think of my first pet. When a little boy, six years old, I went over to a neighboring farm. A litter of striped piggies had just been born and I was so interested that they could not get me away from them. The man filled me with supreme delight by saying: "You may have one of those pigs if you can get him home." "I will attend to that," I said. I had on a tow shirt, reaching to my ankles—one which my mother had woven—and fastened at the neck by a wooden button my father had made. I made a fold in the garment and in it, as a sack, I carried my pig home. I got an old bee-gum—a hollow log—put cornshucks, stalks and leaves into it for a bed and tucked him away for the night. He squealed for his mother nearly all night. In the morning I carried him feed meal and bran, bread, milk—everything I could think of—but he would not touch any of them. He did not seem to have time or energy for anything but to squeal.

"At length my mother said to me: "Abe, take that pig home: it will die if you keep it here." What my mother said was always the truth and the law to me and, though it almost broke my heart, I took the pig back. His mother was so glad to see him and he so glad to see her! After she had given him his dinner he looked so pretty that I could not stand it and I begged the man to let me take him back. I put him in the tow sack, as I had done before, and took him to our house. Mother protested and I cried; she broke down and relented and said I might try him one day more. He would not eat a thing I brought him and mother sent me back with him again. I carried him back and forth to his meals for two weeks, when we taught him to eat and he was mine for good. That pig was my companion. I played with him and taught him tricks. We used to play hide-and-go-seek; I can see his little face now, peeking around the corner of the house to see whether I was coming after him. After awhile he got too heavy for me to carry around and then he followed me everywhere—to the barn, to the plowed ground and to the woods. Many a day I spent in the woods, brushing the leaves away, helping him to find acorns and nuts. Sometimes he would have a lazy spell and rub against my legs and step in front of me and lie down before me and say in language which I understood: "Abe, why don't you carry me as you used to do?" When he grew larger I turned the tables on him and made him carry me; and he did it just as happily as I ever performed the same service for him. Father fed him corn—piles of it—and how he did eat! He grew large—too large for his happiness and mine. There was talk around the house of the hog being about fat enough to kill. At the table I heard father say he was going to kill the hog the next day. My heart got as heavy as lead. The next morning father had the barrel of water ready and was heating the stones that were to be thrown into it to make hot water for the scalding. I slipped out and took my pig with me to the forest. When father found out what had happened he yelled as loud as he could, "You,

Abe, fetch back that hog! You, Abe! fetch back that hog!" The louder he called, the farther and faster we went, till we were out of hearing of the voice. We stayed in the woods till night. On returning I was severely scolded. After a restless night I rose early and went to get my pig for another day's hiding, but found that father had risen before me and fastened my pet in the pen. I knew that all hope was gone. I did not eat any breakfast, but started for the woods. I had not gone far when I heard the pig squeal and, knowing what it meant, I ran as fast as I could to get away from the sound. Being quite hungry at noon, I started for home. Reaching the edge of the clearing, I saw the hog, dressed, hanging from a pole near the house and I began to blubber. I could not stand it and went far back into the woods again, where I found some nuts that satisfied my appetite till night, when I returned home. They could not get me to take any of the meat, neither tenderloin nor rib nor sausage nor souse, and even months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick to look at it.

"The next morning I went into the yard, and saw the red place on the ground where my pet's throat had been cut with the knife. Taking a chip, I scraped the blood and the hair, that had been scattered, into a pile and burned it up. Then I found some soft dirt, which I carried in the folds of my tow shirt, and strewed over the ground to cover up every trace of the killing of my pet. The dirt did not do its work very well, for to this day, whenever I see a pig like the little fellows we have just met in the road, my heart goes back to my pet pig and to the old home and the dear ones there."

Tears filled the captain's eyes when Mr. Lincoln finished this simple, touching recital of his lost pet's fate. "It gave me a clearer insight into the great heart of Lincoln," he said, "than years of close association could have done." The kindness of his heart was not merely veneer—it was the grain of solid wood. He could not help being tender any more than the song birds about his cabin could keep from singing, or the sweetbriar his mother planted could avoid

C A T S

Cats were a "hobby" of Lincoln, so his wife said. A pet cat used to follow him in Indiana. At New galem, he played with Caleb Carman's cats and left strict orders for their care when he went to Vandalia. At City Point in '65, during the stress of battle before Richmond, he played with, ~~the~~ pet cat and kittens, performing a kindly feline operation at that time.

Grant's

TLWT 167

Bv. I ,61, 143

Holland, 509

Lamon, 275

At Jonesboro, Ind. in '44 , "gently and kindly" for Nat Grigsby's amusement, he made a cat's back sparkle.

CATS

Lincoln's Love for Nature and Animals

By THOMAS R. WHITE

LINCOLN was Nature's man. Born among the sighing pines of Kentucky, the wilderness of Indiana was his playground, and in the forests of Illinois he nursed the dreams which later fruited into unimagined greatness, while he toiled at splitting rails. He was a primitive man always. The ideals which fashioned themselves in his

mind during his solitary walks along the rough trails, often tramping many miles to borrow a book, influenced his entire career.

His was a wonderfully gentle nature. Even as a boy, he could not bear to see suffering. It is recorded that his first homely compositions were directed against cruelty to animals, although this was years before humane societies had been thought of. In those uncouth days it was considered an eccentricity to preach a doctrine of this kind. Lincoln, however, seems to have been cast in a finer mold than his fellows, and cared little for the taunts and jeers of his comrades, if he were able to prevent the killing of turtles, birds and other helpless creatures.

It is related that during one of the several treks in which his father indulged, always turning his face toward the West, a dog belonging to one of the family fell behind. After the oxen had floundered through the mire, snow and ice of a prairie stream, it was discovered that the cur had been left behind. The others, annoyed, and anxious to go on and find a camping-place for the night, for it was then late, were in favor of leaving the dog to his fate. To turn back with the heavy wagon and ox-team was out of the question. But Abraham could see the dog on the other bank, running up and down in great distress. Once, referring to this incident, he said: "I could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog. Pulling off shoes and socks, I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

Lincoln could never turn his ear from a cry of distress. This characteristic was one which never left him, and many stories are told of his kindness of heart, which extended to even the lower orders of the animal creation. There is the story, for instance, of a period when he was practising law and going from town to town on the circuit, as was the custom in those days when the country was sparsely settled. It seems that when Lincoln and some of his lawyer comrades were traveling along the highway from one court to another, they passed a pig stuck in the mud and squealing helplessly. The others hurried on, laughing over the pig's plight; but the pitiful cries of the animal rang in Lincoln's ears until he could bear it no longer, so he turned back and, with one fence rail for a fulcrum and another for a lever, pried the pig out of the mire. He traveled the rest of

On another and similar occasion, it is related that he spent hours hunting for the nest out of which two young birds had fallen. His comrades sneered and left him behind, but

Lincoln did not go on until he had restored the fledglings to their tree-top home.

In those early days of his young manhood, before the purpose of his life had been revealed to him, and when he undertook a commercial venture, the call of the primitive life combined with Blackstone and Chitty to lure him from the store to the shade of a great oak, where he was to be seen, dressed in homespun, a grotesque youth, no doubt, lying on his back with his feet on the trunk of the tree, and reading aloud from the apostles of the law.

The out-of-door life of his youth gave him a remarkable physique. His strength was enormous, and he was always ready to use it in defence of the weak and helpless, if force could not be avoided.

After he had come to have his own home in Springfield, he kept a horse which he cared for himself, and a cow which he milked. He seemed to find a genuine satisfaction in living the simple life of a plain, practical man of the country town.

During the heavily burdened years which he spent in the White House, Lincoln had but scant time for recreation of any sort. Not infrequently, however, he would steal a little time to go out into the White House grounds while the children were playing, and join in their games without a thought of the loss of dignity which certain straight-laced critics considered such a form of relaxation involved. Occasionally he played ball with his own children and their playmates, and sometimes would be seen running the bases apparently with the greatest delight, his long legs covering the ground with wonderful rapidity and considerably to the amusement of the on-lookers. Indeed, the President had a weakness for ball-playing, and, during the trying days preceding his election, would work off his nervousness by throwing a ball against the side of the barn, catching it on the rebound.

Lincoln, in spite of his awkwardness, was not an ungainly figure on horseback, and, after Grant assumed command of the army, would sometimes ride with him hour after hour over corduroy roads and through swampy country, apparently enjoying the exercise. He liked, too, to sit in the camps watching the maneuvers of the men.

The President was fond of cats and particularly kittens. On one occasion when the White House family was increased by the advent of several felines, the pleasure of the children of the household was fully shared by the chief executive, while generals, statesmen and diplomats were gravely informed of what had transpired. On another occasion, the President discovered a number of kittens at one of the military camps where he was a visitor and spent much time in fondling them while his mind was considering weighty matters of military and national policy.

Much as Lincoln loved nature, it seemed to appeal to the sadder side of his consciousness. It is related that once when he and Mrs. Lincoln were driving about the country, they came to a tiny graveyard, where the green foliage of the trees and the flowers of spring composed a sweet and charming picture. The president was delighted with the spot and walked among the graves. Finally he turned to his wife, to remark pathetically, "When I am gone, lay my body in some quiet place like this." When the end came, the great emancipator was indeed laid to rest in the month of Maytime bloom, although his resting-place was the Western prairie. And it was long told by the farmers of Central Illinois that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died.

Lincoln's Love of Anima

F. F.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was seven years old when his family moved to Indiana from his birthplace in Kentucky, in 1816. The forests that were everywhere about them were filled with wild animals; raccoons, squirrels, opossums, skunks, wildcats, bears, deer, wolves, panthers, turkeys, grouse, quail, ducks and geese, with pigeons flying overhead in flocks that obscured the sun. The boy grew up in a land of wild plenty. And yet young Abe did not participate in the hunting and fishing of his fellows. He was, from the first, tender hearted with animals.

In the winter of 1818-19, while attending school near Gentryville, Ind., he found the other children one day putting hot coals on the back of a turtle and he quickly stopped that and wrote some short paragraphs saying what he thought of any cruelty to animals. A little later, at school, he wrote some short compositions on that subject. He was hurt by any display of brutality toward animals and it was not his way to remain silent where his sympathies were stirred. Any degree of animal suffering aroused him to do all he could to stop it.

Lincoln's thoughtfulness for animals did not leave him as he grew up. He stopped at Caleb Carman's house one day, after he had been elected to the Illinois legislature, and took on his lap two kittens. He compared their heads, saying "Jane has a better countenance than Susan." He became so much interested in the two pets that, when starting for Vandalia for the first session of the legislature, he left word with the Carmans that they were to take good care of the kittens.

While living at the White House, absorbed deeply in affairs of state, Lincoln still found time to concern himself with pet animals. On April 2, 1862, he troubled to write to Michael Crook of Philadelphia: "My dear sir; allow me to thank you in behalf of my little son for your present of white rabbits. He is much pleased with them. Abraham Lincoln."

One of his telegrams, sent from the War Department to Mrs. Lincoln, who was away from Washington with their boy, Tad, said; "Tell Tad the goats and father are very well, especially the goats." Again he telegraphed: "All well, including Tad's pony and the goats."

Tad's goats were privileged characters about the White House, because of Lincoln's fondness for animals and his anxiety to have Tad amused. The pair were destroyed in a fire that burned the White House stables, February 1, 1864. Lincoln was in deep distress over this fire and Tad himself climbed on the stable roof and would have gone down through the ventilator to save his pony, had he not been stopped and ragged to safety. He was put to bed in great grief, the grief only partly lessened when he was allowed to have on the bed with him the two white hounds he loved, "Sumter" and "Pensacola."

LINCOLN — MAN OF COMPASSION AND TOLERANCE

By GEORGE R. FARNUM

MEN who have been great in a true sense—in goodness of heart as well as in elevation of mind—have seldom been indifferent to the wrongs and unmoved by the suffering of the humble and defenseless, be he man or beast. Abraham Lincoln was no exception.

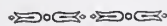
He saw that life was a gift to be enjoyed in common. He understood that tolerance toward the opinions and ways of other people was an imperative need of the times. His philosophy on this subject was never better put than in a homely little anecdote which deals with an attack upon him by a goat which mischievous boys had bedeviled to annoy people. Catching the goat by the horns and dropping down and putting his face close to that of the goat, it is related he drawled: "Now there isn't any good reason why you should want to harm me; and there isn't any good reason why I should want to harm you. The world is big enough for both of us to live in. If you behave yourself as you ought to, and if I behave myself like I ought to, we will live in peace and harmony like good neighbors."

During the years that he was growing to manhood he lived close to the pulsating heart of nature and amid the wild creatures that inhabit field and forest. He felt the mysterious kinship of all that lived, and his love and compassion embraced the whole range of dumb creation. Native to the backwoods and the frontier is the use of knife and gun, yet some of the finest anecdotes recall his respect for the rights and his pity for the plight of God's lesser creatures. Carl Sandburg records that,

as a child, he once shot one of a flock of wild turkeys flying near his log cabin, with the result that he ever afterwards recoiled from pulling the trigger on game birds. It was the same author who drew a tender and moving picture of him as "he sat on the main log and ate his noon dinner of corn bread and fried salt pork and joked with the gray squirrels that frisked and peeped at him from high forks of nearby walnut trees."

There was at times in his reactions to the suffering of animals, a singular characteristic. Not infrequently he would pass by some poor dumb creature in need of succor—perhaps distraught or deeply absorbed with some engrossing thought. But somewhere in his subconscious mind the incident would not pass unnoted. Ultimately, pity stirred within him, became insistent in its demands for action, and he never failed in the end to turn back—howsoever he had travelled—on an errand of compassion and mercy.

He was the Great Emancipator in the truest sense of the word, not only of human beings—both master and bondsman—from the atrocious debasement of involuntary servitude, but of the human spirit itself from its galling shackles of ignorance and injustice, intolerance and cruelty. Schopenhauer once wrote, "I know of no more beautiful prayer than that which the Hindus of old used in closing their public spectacles; it was 'May all that have life be delivered from suffering.'" The whole vibration of Abraham Lincoln's spiritual being was attuned to such a sentiment.



Another Milestone Passed

The fifty-fourth annual meeting of our Society was held at the Hotel Bellevue on January 28. A substantial number of members attended, notwithstanding the inclement weather. All business was transacted without a dissentient vote. All officers, and those directors whose terms had expired, were unanimously re-elected.

Experiences with Animals

DRAWER 3

Personality

